

Chaperoning by Jancys-Blue-Bayou

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Summary: "We should do what?" He asks, not sure he heard her right. "Volunteer to chaperone the Snow Ball," she repeats.

Chaperoning

A/N: This grew from an anonymous prompt: "jancy bickering about volunteering for the snow ball", encompassing that and more. For another, longer, take on the Snow Ball see chapter 10 of The Real Shit.

"We should do what?" He asks, not sure he heard her right.

"Volunteer to chaperone the Snow Ball," she repeats.

Okay, so he heard her alright.

"Why?" He asks while he makes a left turn. Another day of them ignoring the whispers and glares in the halls of Hawkins High is over. Public Image Ltd is playing.

"Because, my mom's head of the PTA and apparently there's a lack of volunteers and if no one else does it she'll take it upon herself. Which will mortify Mike. And I'm trying to be a better sister to him, so I thought I'd help him out. But it'd be more fun with you there."

"I don't know..."

"Come on, it'll be fun!"

"Fun?"

"Okay, maybe not that fun. But you'll probably just have to take photos of the whole thing. And wouldn't your mom be more at ease with letting Will go if you were there?"

"True."

"Plus, it's over by 10 and afterwards we can go to the secluded spot by the quarry. Just the two of us..." She gives him a look that makes him weak.

"Well, when you put it like that..."

"You're in?"

"Yes."

"Good, 'cause I kind of already told them we'd do it."

"What? Then why did you..."

"I still wanted you to say yes!"

Later he's standing by the stove, making dinner. He can hear Will and his mom talking in the other room.

"- please can I just go on my own?"

"I know you want to, sweetie but I'm just worried..."

"Come on, I feel fine!"

"Maybe I can come along-"

"No! It'll be embarrassing, none of the other guys mom is coming."

"I'm embarrassing?"

"No! Well, I mean..."

"It's okay, sweetie, mom's are supposed to be embarrassing. I just-"

Stepping into the room he interrupts them.

"Hey, uh, actually me and Nancy are chaperoning so..."

"What? You are?" His mom asks, very surprised by the look of it.

"Yeah uh, she kind of volunteered us. So uh, we'll be there. So... I think Will can just go with his friends. If anything would happen I'll be there."

"See! Please mom!"

"Hm, well alright. But I'll drive you there and pick you up."

"That's fine!" Jonathan quickly interjects, Nancy's plans for the rest of that evening never leaving the back of his mind.

"And if you feel sick or tired or anything at all, you go find Jonathan, okay?"

"Yes, mom."

"And you'll keep an eye on him?"

"Yes."

"Okay, good."

"So you're chaperoning this thing?" Hopper asks after he has opened the door and let them both into his cabin.

"Yes," Nancy answers as she leads the way towards El's room. She's carrying all her make-up supplies and her hair-straightener. Jonathan's got a box full of shoes and five of her old dresses in his arms.

"Keep an eye on your brother, alright?"

"Yeah yeah, whatever. Hey El!"

"Hi Nancy, hi Jonathan," the girl smiles shyly.

"Hey," Jonathan greets with a warm smile.

"You excited for tonight?" Nancy asks.

"Yes!"

"Alright, let's go get you ready!"

Nancy follows El into her room and Jonathan follows Nancy. Carefully putting the dresses and shoes down on the bed he's then shoed out of the room by Nancy. It's then uncomfortably quiet between him and Hopper at first, to the point where Hopper's on his way to offer him a beer before the chief of police remembers that he's

both underage and driving tonight. But after some awkward small talk about his mom and Will they eventually find themselves engaged in a lively debate about music concerning Hopper's old and quite cheesy taste and his apparently pretentious teenage crap. It continues until Nancy and El emerge again an hour later.

"You look great, honey," Hopper says as he looks at El.

"Thank you," El smiles.

"Hey, you should get a picture together," Nancy says, gesturing between El and Hopper.

He gets his camera ready as Hopper walks over and puts an arm around El.

"Now with you," El says after the picture is taking, pointing towards Nancy.

"Oh! Sure."

Nancy goes and puts an arm around El, both smiling towards him and his camera and he can't quite believe that it's possible to look as pretty as Nancy does.

"You too," El commands after this picture, looking straight at him as he's lowering his camera.

"Me? Uh... sure," he's quite surprised but can't refuse, even though he's not that comfortable in front of a camera.

Nancy grins as they swap places and he quickly shows her how to work the camera. The camera she gave him last Christmas. He puts a tentative arm around El and obliges Nancy who instructs them to smile.

"See you later, El," Nancy says as they're on their way out the door.

"Yeah, and uh, I'll develop the photos on Monday so you can get them after that," he adds.

"Thank you. See you later," El smiles.

"That was fun!" Nancy announces as they get in his car and drive away from the middle school.

"Yeah, it was alright. Will looked happy," he agrees and puts in a new mix tape.

"Yeah, who was that girl he was dancing with?"

"I don't know."

"God, the look on Mike's face when he saw El... I hope you caught that on film," she smirks.

"I don't know, we'll see. You were sweet to dance with Dustin, by the way."

"He's such a sweet kid. I felt so bad for him."

"Yeah. By the way, that hair..."

"I know, Steve must've had something to do with it!"

"Must have."

"It kind of works for me," she laughs, making him smile.

She quiets as *Heroes* start playing.

"I like this tape," she lets him know.

"Thanks," he blushes slightly. Not that he made it with an agenda but he was now definitely very conscious of the fact that Nancy would probably hear the tapes. And she'd been on his mind as he had made it. 'cause she always was.

He comes to a stop at the spot by the quarry and they get out of the car just as Bowie's last "We could be heroes, just for one day" sounds out. They leave the doors open as they settle on the hood so the music can still be heard. She shivers at the cold November air so he quickly takes off his blazer and coat and offers them both to her. She accepts them with a smile. They lie back on the hood and watches

the starfilled night sky.

"I really like it," she says softly as *Stand By Me* starts.

"I like this," he murmurs just as soft and presses a kiss to her hair as she leans into his side.